A SHORT ADDRESS TO Persons of all Denominations, Occasioned by the Alarm of an intended INVASION.

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Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of HUNTINGDON.

I also will shew my Opinion. Job xxxii. 10.

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A SHORT ADDRESS, &c.

Men, Brethren, and Fathers.

THO' ſo many alarming Warnings, pathetic Exhortations, and ſuitable Directions, have already been given both from the Preſs and Pulpit, by Way of Preparatives to our late publick Day of Humiliation; yet ſhould one, who is leſs than the leaſt of all his Brethren, now that Solemnity is over, preſume to trouble his dear Countrymen with a ſhort Addreſs, by Way of Supplement to what hath already been offered, it is to be hoped none will be ſo unkind as to look upon it altogether as ſuperfluous and needleſs, much leſs, be ſo ungenerous as to cenſure it as proceeding from the Pride and Naughtineſs of his Heart. But ſhould this be the Caſe, I ſhall make no other Apology (as I think there needs no other) than that which *David* the youngeſt of the Sons of *Jeſſe* made long ago upon a like Occaſion, *Is there not a Cauſe?*

An inſulting, enraged, and perfidious Enemy is now advancing nearer and nearer to the *Britiſh* Borders.—Not content with invading and ravaging our rightful Sovereign King *George*'s Dominions in *America*, our Popiſh Adverſaries have now the Ambition to attempt, at leaſt to threaten, an Invaſion of *England* itſelf; hoping, no doubt, thereby not only

only to throw us into Confuſion at Home, but alſo to divert us from more effectually defeating their malicious Deſigns Abroad.——That ſuch a Deſign (however chimerical it may ſeem) is now actually on foot, the Royal Proclamation lately iſſued forth renders indiſputable.—Which Proclamation, as it plainly beſpeaks his Majeſty's paternal Care, doth at the ſame Time loudly call upon all his faithful and loving Subjects, not only to ſtand upon their Guard, but alſo to exert their utmoſt Efforts, in Dependance on Divine Protection, to prevent and render abortive ſuch an unjuſt and daring Enterprize.

Bleſſed be God, as a profeſſing, tho' ſinful People, we have lately taken one effectual Step towards bringing about ſuch a ſalutary End.

In Obedience to a Call from the Throne we have been humbling ourſelves in the moſt public and ſolemn Manner before the moſt High God.—And 'tis to be hop'd that the many Tears that were that Day ſhed, and the thouſands and thouſands of Prayers that were then offer'd up, have long ſince been regarded by, and enter'd into the Ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth.—Infidels may perhaps laugh and make themſelves merry with ſuch an Inſinuation: But ſerious People (and to ſuch in a more peculiar Manner is this Addreſs directed) will account it no Ways enthuſiaſtic to affirm that ſolemn Humiliations, whether performed by public Communities in general, or Individuals in particular, have always met with ſuch a Divine Acceptance, as to obtain at leaſt a Reprieve from, if not a total Removal of, *the threatned Evil.*—The deferring of an impending Judgment only upon the hypocritial, but public Humiliation of a wicked *Ahab*—

hab—The mature and providential Deliverance of the *Jewiſh* People from the cruel Plot of an ambitious *Haman*, which Queen *Eſther*, *Mordecai*, and the other diſtreſſed *Jews* ſought ſo earneſtly for by public Faſting and Prayer—And what is yet more, the total and entire Suſpenſion of the Deſtruction of *Nineveh*, that exceeding great City, tho' ſo peremptorily denounced, upon the Faſting, Praying, and Repenting of the King, Nobles and Commons, at the preaching of *Jonah*. Theſe, I ſay, not to mention many more that might be adduced from ſacred Story, are moſt pregnant, and, at the ſame time, very encouraging Proofs, that thoſe that humble themſelves ſhall in God's due Time be exalted; and that therefore, as a Nation we may boldly infer, that the righteous Lord, who delights to ſhew himſelf ſtrong in behalf of thoſe who are of an upright Heart, will favour, plead and vindicate our righteous Cauſe.

I am very ſenſible that artful Inſinuations have been induſtriouſly publiſhed, in order to lay all the Blame of this War upon us.——But bold Aſſertions and ſolid Proofs are two different Things.—For it is plain, beyond all Contradiction, that the *French*, fond of rivaling us both at Home and abroad, have moſt unjuſtly invaded his Majeſty's Dominions in *America*; and have alſo not only by the moſt vile Artifices and Lies been endeavouring to draw the Six Nations of Indians from our Intereſt; but in ſhort, almoſt all their Proceedings ever ſince the late Treaty of *Aix la Chapelle*, have been little elſe than Preparations for, or a tacit Declaration of War.——But he that ſitteth in Heaven, as we may humbly hope, laughs them to Scorn; and, as he once defeated the Council of *Achitophel*,

Achitopel, and came down to confound the Language of thoſe aſpiring Projectors who would fain have built a Tower, the Top of which ſhould reach even to Heaven; ſo we truſt (whatever dark Providences may intervene) that He will in the End fruſtrate the Devices of our Adverſary's moſt ſubtle Politicians, and ſpeak Confuſion to all their Projects, who, by aiming at univerſal Monarchy, are more than attempting to erect a ſecond *Babel*.

I have heard, or read ſomewhere of a Turkiſh General, who, being call'd to engage with a Chriſtian Army that had broke through the moſt ſolemn Ties, ſtood up at the Head of his Troops, and then drawing out the Treaty which they had broken out of his Boſom, and holding it up in the Air, thus addreſſed the Throne of Heaven:——"O "Almighty Being, if Thou art, as they ſay Thou "art, theſe Chriſtians God, Thou loveſt what is "right, and hateſt Perfidy; look down therefore "and behold this Treaty which they have broken, "and, as thou canſt not favour what is wrong; "render their Arms, O God, ſucceſsleſs, and make "mine victorious."—He ended—Immediately the Sword was drawn.—The two Parties vigorouſly engaged, and the perfidious Chriſtians were beaten off the Field.——Thus may our Proteſtant Generals, or at leaſt their Chaplains, deal with our Enemy's Forces, in reſpect to the Treaty of *Aix la Chapelle*.—They, not we have broken it.—They, not we, have been the Aggreſſors:—And therefore, notwithſtanding we are look'd upon as *Hereticks*, and they fight under the Banner of one who ſtiles himſelf *His Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty*; a righteous God, we truſt, in anſwer to Prayer, will humble *France*, and make the *Britiſh* Arms both by Sea

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and Land, and more than Conquerors through his Love.—It is true (and God knows with Grief of Heart I ſpeak it) praying is become too unfaſhionable amonſt our People in general, and among our military Men in particular ;—but wherein either the Piety, and conſequently true Policy, of ſuch a Procedure conſiſts, I believe will be very difficult to determine.——If we have Recourſe to Mr. *Rollin*'s Ancient Hiſtory, I believe we ſhall find that neither *Darius*, *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, or indeed ſcarce any of the *Egyptians*, *Grecian*, *Perſian*, or *Roman* Generals, ever undertook any hazardous Enterprize, without making ſome public Acknowledgment of a Deity. —And if we conſult that Hiſtory of Hiſtories, that too much neglected Book (as Sir *Richard Steel* expreſſes himſelf) emphatically call'd the *Scriptures*, we may always remark that thoſe heroic Worthies, who by Faith ſubdued Kingdoms, and put to Flight, the Armies of the Aliens, were Men of *Prayer* as well as Men of Valour.——And if our Reſearches deſcend forwards down to our own Annals, we ſhall ſoon be ſatisfied, that the *Britiſh* Arms were never more formidable, than when our Soldiers went forth in the Strength of the Lord, and with a Bible in the one Hand, and a Sword in the other, chearfully fought under his Banner, who hath condeſcended to ſtile himſelf *a Man of War*.

Such an Appellation as this, methinks, may ſufficiently juſtify the Lawfulneſs of bearing Arms, and drawing the Sword in Defence of our civil and religious Liberties.——For if God himſelf is pleaſed to ſtile himſelf a Man of War, ſurely in a juſt aud righteous Cauſe (ſuch as the *Britiſh* War at preſent is) we may as lawfully draw our Swords, in order to defend ourſelves againſt our

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common and public Enemy, as a civil Magiſtrate may ſit on a Bench, and condemn a public Robber to Death. Our Excellent Reformers, ſenſible of this, in the thirty-ſecond Article of our Church, after having declared "that the Laws of the "Realm may puniſh Chriſtian Men with Death "for heinous Offences;" immediately ſubjoins, "that it is lawful for Chriſtian Men, at the Com-"mandment of the Magiſtrate, to wear Weapons "and ſerve in Wars."— And therefore, what Biſhop *Saunderſon* ſays of Study, may be likewiſe ſaid of Fighting: "Fighting without Prayer, is "Atheiſm, and Prayer without Fighting is Pre-ſumption."——And I would be the more particu-lar on this Point, becauſe through a fatal Scrupuloſi-ty againſt bearing Arms, even in a defenſive War, his Majeſty hath been, and is not yet out of Dan-ger of loſing that large, extenſive, and that lately moſt flouriſhing Province of *Pennſylvania*, the very Centre and Garden of all *North-America*.—But whilſt I ſee ſuch very ſcrupulous Perſons graſping at every Degree of worldly Power, and by all the Arts of worldly Policy, labouring to monopolize and retain in their own Hands all Parts both of the legiſlative and executive Branches of Civil Govern-ment; to ſpeak in the mildeſt Terms, we may honeſtly affirm, that they certainly act a moſt incon-ſiſtent, and if not prevented here at Home, to Thou-ſands of their Neighbours, I fear a fatal Part.—For, ſay what we will to the contrary, if we ſearch to the Bottom of Things, we may ſoon be convinced, that Civil Magiſtracy and defenſive War muſt ſtand or fall together.——Both are built upon the ſame Baſis; and there cannot be ſo much as one ſingle Argument urged to eſtabliſh the one, which doth

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not at the ſame Time corroborate and confirm the other.

Far be it from me, who profeſs myſelf a Diſciple and Miniſter of the Prince of Peace, to ſound a Trumpet for War: But when the Trumpet is already ſounded by a perfidious Enemy, and our King, our Country, our civil and religious Liberties are all, as it were, lying at Stake, did we not at ſuch a Seaſon lend our Purſes, our Tongues, our Arms, as well as our Prayers, in Defence of them, ſhould we not juſtly incur that Curſe which an inſpired *Deborah*, when under the immediate Influence of the Holy Spirit, once uttered, *Curſe ye* Meroz, *curſe ye bitterly the Inhabitants thereof, becauſe they came not to the Help of the Lord, to the Help of the Lord againſt the Mighty?* Known unto God, and God alone, are all our Hearts.—Daily repeated Experience convinceth us, that the greateſt Talkers are not always the greateſt Doers. How therefore any of us may behave when put to the Trial, the Trial itſelf can only prove.—But, for my own Part, whatever my future Conduct may be, (and I know it will be downright cowardly, if left to my ſelf) yet, upon the matureſt Deliberation, I am at preſent ſo fully convinced of the Juſtice of the *Britiſh* Cauſe, that ſuppoſing it ſhould be ſaid of me, as it is of *Zwingulius*, *Cecidit in prælio*—He fell in Battle;—I hope, if whilſt the Silver Cords of Life are looſing, I ſhall be attended by any who may bewailing mine, as the Friends of *Zwinglius* did his Misfortune, I ſhould like him cry out, *Ecquid hoc infortunii?*—Is this a Misfortune?—And not only ſo, but alſo with my expiring Breath add, as he did, *O fauſtum infortunium!* O happy Misfortune!—For, ſurely, it is far more

preferable, to die, tho' by a Popiſh Sword, and be carried from the Din and Noiſe of War by Angels into *Abraham*'s Boſom, than to be ſuffered to ſurvive only to drag on a weariſome Life, and to be a mournful Spectator, and daily Bewailer of one's Country's Ruin.

Awful and tremendous, are the Judgments that have lately been abroad.—Twice hath the Earth on which this great Metropolis ſtands, unable, as it were, any longer to ſuſtain the Weight of its Inhabitants Sins, been made to tremble and totter under us.——Since that, how amazingly hath the Shock been extended!—*Africa* (nor hath *America* itſelf been exempted) hath in a moſt deſtructive Manner felt its dire Effects.—And what a dreadful Conſumption it hath made in various Parts of *Spain*, and, in a more eſpecial Manner, at *Liſbon*, the Metropolis of *Portugal*, is beyond Conception, and beyond the Power of the moſt maſterly Pen to deſcribe.—It is to be queſtioned, whether the like hath ever been heard of ſince the Deluge.—Surely nothing was wanting to figure out and realize to that diſtreſſed People the Horror of the Laſt Day, but the Sound of the Trump, and the actual Appearance of the great Judge of Quick and Dead.—But awful and tremendous as ſuch Phænomenas of Nature may be; yet, if we conſider the Conſequences of Things, was even the like Judgment (which may God avert) to befal us, it would be but a ſmall one, in Compariſon of our hearing that a *French* Army, accompanied with a Popiſh Pretender, and Thouſands of *Romiſh* Prieſts, was ſuffered to invade, ſubdue, and deſtroy the Bodies and Subſtance, and, as the neceſſary Conſequences of both theſe, to blind, deceive, and tyranize over

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the Souls and Conſciences of the People belonging to this *happy* Iſle.

God forbid, that I ſhould give flattering Titles to any; for in ſo doing, I ſhould provoke him to take away my Soul.—But ſurely we muſt have Eyes that ſee not, and Ears that hear not, as well as Hearts that do not underſtand, if we do not know, and ſee, and feel, that in reſpect to our civil and religious Liberties, we are undoubtedly the freeſt People under Heaven.—And I dare appeal to the moſt ungrateful and malicious Malecontent, to produce any Æra in the *Britiſh* Annals, wherein we have enjoyed ſuch a continued Series of civil and religious Liberty, as we have been favoured with for theſe Twenty-eight Years laſt paſt, under the mild and gentle Adminiſtration of our dread and rightful Sovereign King *George*.—Surely he hath been a Nurſing Father to People of all Denominations; and however he may be denied it, yet he may, without a Compliment, juſtly claim from the preſent, as well as future Age, the deſerved Title of *GEORGE* THE GREAT.—But notwithſtanding this, ſuch is the Degeneracy of human Nature, it muſt neceſſarily be expected, that in a Nation grown wanton with Liberty like ours, there is a great Multitude of unhappy Perſons, who being Men of lax Principles, looſe Lives, and broken Fortunes, may, and will be ſo abandon'd, as to break through all Reſtraints of Gratitude, Loyalty and Religion, and, like *Cataline* and his wicked Confederates, be fond of joining in any Change of Government, whereby they may entertain the moſt diſtant Proſpect of bettering their Fortunes, and gratifying their Ambition, tho' it be at the Expence of their Country's Blood.—— This hath been, and no doubt ſtill continues to be, the Fate of all civil Governments in the World,

World, and conſequently is no more than what we may expect, in Times of Tumult and Danger, will be acted over again in our own Land by Men of ſuch corrupt Minds.—But how any ſerious and judicious, much leſs religious and devout perſon, can be ſo ſtupid to all Principles of Self-intereſt, and ſo dead even to all Maxims of common ſenſe, as to prefer a *French* to an *Engliſh* Government; or a *Popiſh Pretender*, born, nurſed and bred up in all the arbitrary and deſtructive Principles of the Court and Church of *Rome*, to the preſent *Proteſtant Succeſſion* ſettled in the illuſtrious Line of *Hanover*, muſt be imputed to nothing elſe but an *awful Infatuation*.——

Hear ye, (if there be any into whoſe Hands this Addreſs may fall, that are deſirous of ſuch a Change) not to dwell entirely upon the many innumerable, civil or temporal Loſſes we ſhould ſuſtain: Hear ye, I ſay the mild and gentle Language of one of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty's late Declarations concerning *Religion*.

"Being inform'd, that there have ſprung up, and ſtill are ſpringing up, daily in our Realm, a great Number of Preachers, whoſe ſole Buſineſs is to ſtir up the People to Rebellion, and to diſſuade them from the Practice of the *Roman* Catholic and Apoſtolic Religion; we do command that all Preachers, who ſhall call Aſſemblies, preach in them, or diſcharge any other Function, be put to Death; the Puniſhment appointed by the Declaration in *July* 1686, for the Miniſter of the pretended reformed Religion, which we would not, for the future, have any one eſteem a mere Threatening, which will not be put in Execution. We do likewiſe forbid our Subjects to receive the ſaid Miniſters or Preachers,

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to conceal, aid, or aſſiſt them, or have directly or indirectly, any Intercourſe or Correſpondence with them. We farthermore join all thoſe, who ſhall know any of the ſaid Preachers, to inform againſt them to the Officers of the reſpective Places; the whole under Pain, in caſe of Treſpaſs, of being condemned to the Gallies for Life, if Men; and if Women, of being ſhorn, and ſhut up the Remainder of their Days in ſuch places as our Judges ſhall think expedient; and whether they be Men or Women, under pain of Confiſcation."

After peruſing this, read, read, I beſeech you, the ſhocking Accounts, of the horrid Butcheries, and cruel Murders committed on the Bodies of many of our Fellow-Subjects in *America*, by the hands of ſavage *Indians*, inſtigated thereto by more than ſavage Popiſh prieſts *. ——— And if this be the Beginning, what may we ſuppoſe the End will be, ſhould a *French* power, or popiſh pretender, be permitted to ſubdue either us or them—Speak *Smithfield*, ſpeak, and by thy dumb, but very perſuaſive Oratory, declare to all that paſs by and over thee, how many *Engliſh* proteſtant Martyrs thou haſt ſeen burnt to Death in the Reign of a cruel popiſh Queen, to whom the preſent pretender to the *Britiſh* Throne at leaſt claims a kind of a diſtant Kindred! ———

Speak *Ireland*, ſpeak, and tell if thou canſt, how Thouſands, and Tens of Thouſands of innocent unprovoking proteſtants were maſſacred in cold Blood by the Hands of cruel papiſts within thy Borders, about a Century ago. Nay, ſpeak *Paris*, ſpeak, (for tho' popiſh, on this Occaſion we will admit thy Evidence

* See a Pamphlet intitled, A brief View of the Conduct of Penſylvania for the Year 1755.

Evidence) and ſay, how many thouſands of proteſtants were once ſlaughter'd, on purpoſe, as it were, to ſerve up as a bloody Deſſert to grace the Solemnity of a Marriage-feaſt.—But why go we back to ſuch diſtant Æras?—Speak, *Languedoc*, ſpeak and tell, if thou canſt, how many proteſtant Miniſters have been lately executed; how many more of their Hearers have been dragoon'd and ſent to the Gallies; and how many Hundreds are now, in conſequence of the abovementioned Edict, lying in priſons, and faſt bound in Miſery and Iron, for no other Crime than that unpardonable one in the *Romiſh* Church; I mean, hearing and preaching the pure Goſpel of the meek and lowly *Jeſus*.

And think you, my dear Countrymen, that *Rome*, glutted as it were with Proteſtant Blood, will now reſt ſatisfied, and ſay, "I have enough?"—No, on the contrary, having, through the good Hand of God upon us, been kept ſo long *faſting*, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that the popiſh Prieſts are only grown more voracious, and (like ſo many hungry and ravenous Wolves purſuing the harmleſs and innocent Flocks of Sheep) with double Eagerneſs will purſue after, ſeize upon, and devour their wiſh'd-for Proteſtant Prey; and, attended with their bloody Red-coats, thoſe *Gallic* Inſtruments of Reformation, who know they muſt either fight or die, will neceſſarily breathe out nothing but Threatning and Slaughter, and carry along with them Deſolation and Deſtruction in all its various Shapes and Tortures, go where they will.

But I humbly hope, vile as we are, a gracious, long-ſuffering and merciful God will not ſuffer us to fall into their blood-thirſty and cruel Hands.—He hath formerly moſt remarkably interpoſed in

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England's Favour; and why ſhould we in the leaſt doubt but that He will again reveal his Omnipotent Arm, and make our Extremity to be his Opportunity, to help and defend us againſt ſuch threatning and unjuſt Invaders? Invincible as the *Spaniſh* Armada was ſuppoſed to be, and all-powerful as the *Pope*, under whoſe broad Seal they acted, might boaſt he was in Heaven or Hell, it is plain he had no power over the Water. *For thou didſt blow, O Lord, with thy Wind, and the Enemy was ſcattered.*—And is not this God the ſame now as he was Yeſterday? And will he not continue the ſame for ever? Of whom then ſhould the Inhabitants of *Great-Britain* be afraid?—Bleſſed be God, if we look to ſecond Cauſes, we have a glorious Fleet, brave Admirals, a well-diſciplin'd Army, experienced Officers, and, if Occaſion ſhould require, Thouſands and Thouſands of hearty Voluntiers, with a *Royal Hero*, who hath once been made happily inſtrumental to ſave his Country from impending Ruin, if not MAJESTY ITSELF prepared to head them.—And if by faſting *from* as well as *for* Sin, and by flying, thro' a living Faith, to the Merits of a dying, riſing, aſcended and interceding Mediator, we can but make GOD our Friend, we need not fear what *France* and *Rome*, and *Hell* with all its united Force can do unto, or plot againſt us.—The Way of Duty is the Way of Safety.—And if we are but found in the due Uſe of proper Means, we may confidently leave the Iſſue and Event of Things with God.—Be that Event what it will (and I truſt it will be a proſperous one) we have a divine Authority to ſay unto the *Righteous*, It ſhall be well with them.—God's own People, amidſt all the Wars and Rumours of Wars, may reſt ſecure;

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for they not only dwell under the Shadow of the moſt High, but have his own royall Word for it, that all Things ſhall work together for their good. And not only ſo, but they may alſo be fully aſſured that all the malicious Efforts and Deſigns of Men and Devils ſhall be ſo far from obſtructing, that, on the contrary, through the ſure, tho' ſecret Hand of an ever-watchful, over-ruling, and omnipotent Providence, they ſhall at preſent, (howbeit they think not ſo) be made not only to ſubſerve the preſent further Enlargement of HIS Intereſts, who, in ſpight of all the Strivings of the potſherds of the Earth, will hold the Balance of UNIVERSAL MONARCHY in his own Hands; but at laſt ſhall terminate in the full and compleat Eſtabliſhment and Perfection of "that bleſſed Kingdom, "whoſe Law is Truth, whoſe King is Love, and "whoſe Duration is Eternity." ——*Fiat! Fiat!*

FINIS.